



To Be or Not To Be?



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I have lived in London for almost my entire life. My mother was from London, my father from America. When they were married my mother moved to America, too. I was one year old the night of the fire. The night my parents died. My mother got me out of the house, but she died of inhaling too much smoke. I was found by the neighbors and eventually sent to London where my only living relative, my grandmother, lives.

But back to the present now. My name is Cathrine Eastwood. I am 18 years old and tonight I am too be married. The year, 1875. Let me explain to you how I got into this situation. (That is what this story is about!)

It was 1873. I was walking to the market when a handsome, young, gentleman came up to me. He slipped a small piece of paper in my hand. 'Hyde Park. Tonight at 8:30.' The note said. That night I slipped out of the house in one of my best dresses. I wondered where in the park he had meant, Hyde Park was quite large. I had worried for nothing for he was standing at the park's most common entrance. "I am here, now. What do you want?" I questioned in a polite manner. I was very curious as to his answer.

"I know it sounds weird but, I have been watching you." He hurried on. "I wish only to meet you. Will you walk with me?"

I did not decline. I have to admit it was absurd, but I had always been the curious type. "Yes, but you have to answer any questions I might have." I said.

"It is a deal then" He said grinning and offering me his arm.

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We walked and he answered my questions as promised. "What is your name?" "Why have you been watching me and for how long?" His name was James, he had watched me because I was

beautiful, and for about two weeks now. He had asked me to come again in a fortnight and to keep this meeting a secret. I wanted to know more about that mysterious boy, so I agreed.

That night was quite peculiar, indeed. But that was not the only odd thing that happened to me in that week. The next day infact, I was sitting in the dress shop waiting to be fitted when another young gentleman sat down next to me.

"Waiting to be fitted I suppose?" He asked.

"Yes, and you?" I said.

"I'm waiting for my sister to be finished. What's your name." He replied.

"Cathrine Eastwood. And who might you be?" I said.

"Simon Lermight, pleased to meet you." He replied.

"And I you." I said remembering what my grandmother had taught me about manners.

"Well good luck than." He said, adding on. "Will I be seeing you again, Miss Eastwood?"

"Oh I'm sure you will see me around." I said, he smiled at that.

"There's my sister, I had better be off then." He said walking off to a girl no more then 14.

Little did I know that my future and the futures of those two boys were intertwined so tightly that it might have ended in a disater if I hadn't been so lucky.

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